THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GEORGE DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1725.

Original Poetry.

I SING OF THEE, LOVE!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY E. K. HARRIS.

I sing of thee, love, in the starry night—
I sing to the list'ning flowers;
I sing of thee, love, 'neath the pale moonlight,
In the hours of summer hours.
I sing of thee, love, in the bright, bright stars
In the list'ning ears of ever—
The lingering night, and the fairy Mars—
Mid their shining parks in heaven.

I sing when the clouds o'erlook the same dear
Hide the golden stars away;
For, when the heart's sunlight of love is
Bright Love's enhanced ray.
I sing of thee, love, when the red, red sun,
Upon the ocean pales of day,
In wilder, and bolder, and fiercer fire rise,
All catch the impression I sig.

I sing of thee, love, in the morning bright,
When my spirit is fairy and free;
I sing of thee, love, in the starry night,
And ever I sing of thee.
I sing of thee, love, in the bright, bright stars
In the list'ning ears of ever—
To Sleepless bright, and the fairy Mars—
Mid their shining parks in heav'n.

Shelby County, Alabama.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIVIA'S AND MAGDALENE," "SCARNEDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DISMISSED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

EDITH'S LOVE.

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you know,
My love!
No more of me you know!
Walter Scott.

"Edith! I should hesitate to announce the fact to a young lady of less resolution than yourself, but my dear Lady Castallane! we are boldly this! Conday he shall be as we can appoint a possible reversal of the attack, for the probability is that we have reached the garden parties, Edith—may report their own defeat, and our weakness, and return with a reinforcement to learn we have come down without our beads. So, I believe I must go and see the other fellows, Edith, and consult what is best to be done," said Clendenny Normington, kissing his cap to the young lady of the manor-house, as he left her.

Clendenny went to call a council of war in the valley.

Edith glided softly to the door of the parlor, where, stretched upon a cot, lay her wounded champion. She thought she listened attentively, all was so still within, that she could hear nothing but her own heart beat. Then she softened her listening, and a little awkward hesitation, she tapped softly at the door, and brought out Constance Norman, who looked anxious, but composed.

"How is—is—Tharp?" asked the maiden.

"Tharp—ah!—he—why, he is seriously injured—a contusion of the cerebellum, and concussion of the spinal cord, bearing him for the present of the powers of volition and sensation, and threatening to terminate in death. He is now lying as we left him the next room to that of the young cadger, in a comatose state, with a bit's push of his shoul his left arm and half a peck of scattered shot his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, and he may yet live half a week or scattered shot his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, and he may yet live half a week at scattered shot his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, and he may yet live half a week at quotient about his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, and he may yet live half a week at quotient about his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, and he may yet live half a week at quotient about his extremities. May destiny battle the utmost skill of medical science in his case, so he left him.

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"You must not encourage such feelings in your heart—for the purity and nobility of your own soul, you must not!—but—other subjects first!"

"The young cadger! Oh! He is very essentially injured, indeed, Miss Lance," replied the youth, who, knowing nothing of the circumstances of his patient's having received his injuries in Edith's defense, could not guess what she should take any deep interest in his fate.

"He has wounded himself severely?—is he not dying much?" asked Edith, in a tremulous voice.

"Why, yes—in both of your questions! I should say he was severely wounded and all circumstances will admit, but he is suffering extremely; more by, you know, Miss Lance, than—no, his is a very uncomplicated case—he is not even a protracted, continued, and lacerated wound—bearing that character of suffering that the chisled and touch rise, with the interested member, most their solicitude—and that, you know, I wished to speak to you about, Miss Edith. I have seen you near such beds before now, and I think I don't quite understand," said Clendenny.

"Well, I hope it be a very bad thing, Miss Lance, when the rise and broken and bleeding heart of—of—Tharp—no longer."

"Oh!" gasped the young girl, with a pallid face, as if she could not control a bayonet thrust through the bosom.

The medical student went officially on, regardless of the pain he was inflicting—

High inflammation and fever has set in, and I have no doubt, Miss Lance, that the most anxious fretfulness—while I was examining and dressing the wounds, and picking out little pieces of bone from the plaster, and taking up an artery, and closing up the ragged gashes—he was talking incessantly, and his heart mingled with the mental agony, not a groan escaped him! or, not one! I could not help admiring him, coarse to our country as he is!"

Edith was unconsciously wringing and compressing her hands.

"But—the wound is not mortal—not mortal—is it?"

"Why, what a tender heart you have, Miss Edith, to feel so much compassion for a wounded enemy. Suppose it had been one of our own countrymen—yes! suppose it had been Tharp, or me? Why, the blood would have stained you!"

"Put the wound is not mortal—you—said Edith's pale lips.

"Of course I did not, Miss Lance. Certainly the wound is mortal, but you need not shudder you had your share in it, for though we shall do all that we possibly can to alleviate his sufferings, yet still we must consider that he is our casualty's enemy, and therefore I should think you would not let your sensibilities, thinking of his misery, or go near him, or even speak of him when he dies."

"Oh, I—I—Lord, I wish the surgeon would come! When do you think he will come? You are so young, so inexperienced, you cannot be a competent judge—you may be mistaken. Oh! when do you think the doctor will be here?"

"It is impossible for me to say, Miss Lance," replied Clendenny, pinned at her distrust of his own skill; "like yourself, you read what I do know it, that the doctor cannot be here before he does come. And whether he gets here to-night or not, I can tell you how it will all end. The inflammation must increase, and the fever rise until it reaches delirium, and his excruciating agonies must continue to augment until mortification sets in, when the pain will abate, and the fever subside, and he must sink close the scene. This will probably take place some time to-morrow morning. Anything more you wish to know, Miss Lance?"

"No! no!"

The young man disappeared within, closing the door after him.

A short pause, a suppressed sob, and Edith kneeled, half fainting, against the waiting-maid.

"For me, for me this agonizing death! For me, for me! Oh, Father, with thee permit it! With them let his noble, generous and devotion end on—saving! No! no! no! no! Oh, that my life would expire with his! That my mercy is not bestowed, All Merciful, else would I lay my life at Thy feet, rather than that he should suffer! Merciful being should be so cut short for me! He said he would have died for me! Oh, and he said so it is well die it!

"Oh! how great, how fortune and his forbidden words have been bestowed there on his sword, talking to me, and his heart—his noble, and eyes fixed so intently upon me, uttering those words, and his heart was beating and talking fidelity; and when he mounted his horse to ride away, to go and answer for the dread offense committed in my cause! Why, could he have requested all that he was suffering? Heaven! Heaven! were there a hell, a place of torment, I would dash! Oh, torment and sadness! what was I, that you should have dared and endured so much for me? Poor, poor, unfortunate more than death!

"Oh! and the innocent self-devotion, shared unknown or hardly! Immovable Providence! They say, 'Whom the Gods love, die young!' Could that be true, Miss Lance? Oh! I fear it is too sentient for this earth, and therefore must be removed! Oh! Ma! Ma! dear good necessity! St. John, the best-beloved, friend tongest of all the Apostles! He will not die for that! He will not! he would be unjust! Lord, Thou knowest it would be unjust!

"Oh, it the Divine Saviour were now to walk the earth, he would heal him with his touch, the dead, doing His blessed miracles, that the probability is that here I am, remain in these parlors, Edith—may report their own defeat, and our weakness, and return with a reinforcement to learn we have come down without our beads. So, I believe I must go and see the other fellows, Edith, and consult what is best to be done," said Clendenny Normington, kissing his cap to the young lady of the manor-house, as he left her.

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Original Letter.

LETTER FROM

BROTHER JONATHAN

TO

BROTHER BULL.

[Brother Jonathan, who has been "calculating" for the last 7 days, and "reckoning" for the last 7 weeks, and "guessing" for the last 7 months, and "expecting" for the last 7 years, and "hoping" for the last 7 centuries, that Brother Bull would "come down handsome" with the "dimes" to relieve his pressing necessities, thought, moreover, to himself, that he would "make tracks" for Europe, and "interview" Brother Bull on the subject. He was "bound" to have the "dimes" or "bust" by the time he got there, and he "calculated" he would "bust" before he got back.]

"I tell, but they swerve not nuthin."

But it is no hoped that like the ancient slaves mentioned, if diligently let alone they'll "work out their behind themselves."

In fact, I have been from my youth up deeply exercised like. It was bread they should eat and rather unnecessarily—anything for me to "calculate" on in particular. Then I was "reckoned" a child of promise and prodigy, and confident. So, furiously lounging through the streets of Boston, I was "reckoned" a child of Boston born. Over to Cambridge they "reckoned" I was, from the cultured look they gave me. Down to Salem they "reckoned" I was a witch, and advantageously that is, gained fresh—from the hot weather and ruin—which it has ever since. So it would have been, I "reckoned," in Salem, Ohio, to have improved their reputation to the tune of "Hail Columbia."

I "reckoned," too, once I "reckoned" I was a long and successful lecturer, and "reckoned" on the "reckoning" as a visit to the poor Whistler. We found our friend in health more than usually "reckless" and in humor, speech, and general demeanor not at all "off." With his natural ease and grace, in a simple cottage-room, in the midst of a most commonplace world, he was accumulating love. There seems little in his most natural surroundings to suit or fire the genius of the poet. But the rivers of pure poetry that never yet ran dry—the fame of noble aspiration, has never yet turned from its course, from the brackish of the street, from "undercurrent of ribald drolls"—from sheer downright that seemed there while "up from the depths of the night."

I am convinced that to the poet, in the highest sense, outward surroundings are of little moment—that his instinctive sense of the beautiful would create an acute in the cheapest country-cottage, as in the most luxurious residence—that in a life of almost unexampled exclusion, his generous, human sympathies would remain as full of spirit, beneficent life, as though he daily pushed his fellows in crowded highways—or nightly made his voice heard in popular assemblies and had it answered by the sympathetic murmurs of multitudes.

Mr. Whistler, more than any one I know, seems to enjoy that "perfect peace," which is Heaven's best and crowning gift to powerful natures—that "peace" which is the reward of a profound belief in the leaving visions and faithful inheritance of God—the philosopher's stone supplemented by the herculean labors of the chemist, the unflinching faith of the child.

I greatly fear that many, until it has passed, will not recognize the result of intellectual research and will the genius of Whistler receive its just meed of praise. He never resented the world, or pretended for its honors and rewards;—he has not only labored for it, doing his Master's work, but he never faltered, his talent—he has delivered them too well for that;—he has even found up respect even from those in whom Edgar Poe—and a message of warning and rebuke, when they would rule have been impressed by the light here-tofore at a county Treasurer.

But the day will come when fashionable ramblings, with patently flights, and pitiful revelations, will shrink and shrivel to dross,—when the world shall see that vision where there suddenly was the utterance of truth itself.

"And that long unheeded message,
Was as the leaves of men."

Mr. Longfellow is at Nahant, with his family—at the cottage he usually occupies in the summer. We saw him a few days ago. He is in admirable health, and in his personal appearance presents that result of mental labor, refinement by the refinement and elegance of the true gentleman. His face has a singularly fresh, natural, earnest expression—that of faith, pure affections and kindly sympathies—mixed in his calm and silver in his smile, and you feel assured that his life of care-free quiet and classic shade, has preserved to freshen and gladden its associates, much of the dew and bloom of its morning.

Among the books provided for our summer reading, there are three or four which I trust will have a speedy reference to.

"Adventures and Strange Tales. By Miss Amelia Mitford. Published by Tinkham & Fields."

Adventure is the longest tale ever written by Miss Mitford. It is her latest, and was penned in weakness and suffering—while, indeed, sinking confined to her chamber and her bed by a painful and protracted illness. Her last work—the last of a long series of delightful productions, sympathies—of that melancholy exhaustion, and marvelous sweetness of the heart we too often see in life aged, who have labored and endured much. The story is simple, but skillfully constructed—its characters are marked by a fine individuality—all are natural, and several are noble creations. In the style is preserved that charm—peculiar, perhaps, charm which fascinated us in her first rural sketches—it is indeed the flow of a pure and rich poem, fresh sentiment—fragrant with the accompanying fancy—coloured with the same sweet, unassuming poetry—natural, in the same sunny humor, the same glad sympathy with the beauty and joy of Nature—and with the same genial, yet reverent humanity, in some severe faith in God. Following Arnold, we are twenty-five stories—making up a volume of more than four hundred pages. These latter are some of the most delightful sketches ever penned by Miss Mitford, unless the sentences as the unquestionably is of that sort of writing.

The portrait which smiles out upon you when you open Adventure, is one of the finest likenesses I have ever seen. It is the original painting in London, at the studio of the artist, Mr. Lucas. It is now in Boston, in the possession of Mr. Fields.

A very pleasant, readable novel in the Knickerbocker, is "Miss Foote's Party," which comes to us from the beaches which mark the fascinating oriental romances and brilliant topographies of the Arabian Nights—and of Mr. Warren, living more quiet and diffusive in style—it is not such an inexhaustible and exaggerated or highly original and individual. But there is a good deal of healthful feeling and noble sentiment displayed in the book, and much truth, effective satire, and a wide knowledge of human nature and social life. Among the many passages one likes best to remember, are Miss Foote, and the three old maids at Brampton. The finest piece of writing in the work, is a description of a locomotive and a train of carriages leaving one of the railway stations for the country. It is admirable, and I am tempted to quote it:

"There was a clamoring of doors, a hurried fall of feet, as porters and guards ran to their respective posts along the platform. A merry greeting and a shake of the hand, and a movement accompanied by an under current of notice, which seemed to change the air of the whole station—where were throbbing with impatience —an undefined impulse, a fear passing imperious passed and from iron lungs, a dull and hollow sound from the lofty roof of the building, a plunge into the open air—and the steam darted, breaking fire, and snorting smoke, was driving along a serious at breast upon over his measures and opposed gardens, nothing but space and freedom with unwholesome fire, and dismaying carriage relations with unconcern.

"On—on—supposed in mid air, starting the earth from their quiet rest in the long-lying fields; rushing like a Brobdingnagian steed under viaducts; roaring over rivers, rushing through cuttings, tearing through banks, striking hollow through and under villages and previously parks; looking down upon the quiet and unconcerned churches and humble graves, panic-fighting with the wind, and darting for full-speed into space.

"On—on—the mighty monster pressed on, scorning course, obedient and merciless.

"On! still tearing and rushing on to meet, leaving in its dark wake long lines of noisy metal, clattering cash, and glowing masses with red-hot passion into her rear-house."

A perfect book goes of a book in the last sen-

tion of the Poems of Jessie T. Fields—published in the early spring. In the getting the volume, in the style of its binding, in its beautiful clearness and beautiful volume! I have ever seen from an American press.

[illegible] of the poems in this volume, I can read. Miss Agnes Carnes, and to Mrs. Fields' many friends, I am sure, they will be a welcome gift. There are those who will find in them a charm, through its truth they touch and refreshment. The village beauty carries them to a little admiring circle of sincere hearted listeners—to the fireside, where, down upon them for a grateful rest, after their [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible].

Nothing can add to, or take from, the popularity of certain songs in this volume.

Countless lovers of music and poetry have found that among clubs and circles, and [illegible], "Twas not the idle breathings of the [illegible] nonsense—they don't through the soul and [illegible] air of the [illegible] like [illegible] and refinement

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1854.

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

An additional argument in favor of bathing is presented in the fact that out of nearly sixteen thousand two hundred and twenty-eight subscribers to the public baths of Paris, Bordeaux, and Marseilles, only two deaths among them were ascribed to cholera.

F. W. Randall Chadwick, the Scotch Giant, died at Laporte, Indiana, on the 19th ultimo. His disease was apoplexy. He was, we believe, over seven feet high, and of magnificent, manly proportions. His home was in Kendall, Lafayette County, Wisconsin.

The Boston Atlas says: We understand that among the four hundred and forty Swedish passengers by the ship Levi Woodbury, recently arrived at this port (Boston,) from Gottenburg, were one hundred and fifty Mormons on their way to Salt Lake City. Their leader had four buxom looking wives.

A visitor (from a distance) to Mount Auburn, was lately shocked to find loafers asleep on his family tomb, and a gay party desecrating the grounds with the amusements of a pic nic!

A fire in New Orleans has destroyed twenty large stores, occupied by twenty-six firms. The losses are very heavy, the insurance alone exceeding half a million of dollars. Several of the firemen died from the heat, and there was a short supply of water.

The present season seems to have been favorable for marriage contracts in Cincinnati. From the first to the last day of last month, the Probate Court of that city issued 253 marriage licences.

A large raft, containing $12,000 worth of timber, owned by Col. E. H Herbert, of Norfolk County, reached Norfolk week before last, and was taken in tow by a steamer to be carried to New York. It is intended for the United States Government.

Coffee is now regularly served to the French soldiers when in active service or in camp; and now hay and oats are no longer prohibited to the horses of the army, recent scientific examination having exploded the idea of their being injurious.

Mormonism is said to be making very great progress in Denmark; there are now Mormons in the smallest hamlets.

A strong tide of emigrating Savoyards is setting in at Genoa, for America; upwards of five hundred having arrived there in the course of a week.

The editor of a German newspaper published in Louisville, says that some of the most wealthy German citizens of the United States have raised a million of dollars, and intend increasing the amount to several millions, to turn the entire tide of future German immigration to Canada and South America. Doubtful.

Mr. De Garis, a printer, and for some time the night foreman in the Cincinnati Gazette Office, received the gratifying (!) intelligence, on Friday, 4th inst., that he had become heir to $15,000, by the death of an uncle in Louisville, Ky.

The New York American Bible Society issued eighty-six thousand eight hundred and thirteen volumes last month, and the receipts of the month were twenty-three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five dollars and fifty cents.

A feud is said to have arisen between the foreign and American Bishops of the Catholic Church in this country, and the difficulty has been referred to the Pope at Rome. [illegible]

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 12.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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Vincent Nolte's Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres; or, Reminiscences of a Merchant's Life.

ONE VOL. 12MO. CLOTH. PRICE $1.25. NOW READY AND FOR SALE BY REDFIELD.

[illegible]

J. S. REDFIELD, Nos. 110 and 112 Nassau Street, New York.

This book, so interesting to so many mercantile people and general readers, is also for sale by T. B. PETERSON, 102 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

LOWELL MASON'S NEW WORK.

THE HALLELUJAH,

A NEW COLLECTION of Church Music by Lowell Mason, will be published September 1st. [illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

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